

The Institute Monthly

Published in the Interest of the West Virginia Coored Institute

VOLUME II

Institute, W. Va., January 1909

NUMBER V

TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS

The teachers' training class has an enrollment of eleven members.

This department is new. The purpose of it is to provide professional training for teachers of the state.

West Virginia has made rapid strides the past eight years along educational lines. Each day brings new problems and new opportunities. The training course will help you meet these new problems with success. Communities and boards of education are demanding trained teachers. To be a successful, trained teacher, one must have great organizing power, and ability to organize a child's activities so that he can get hold of himself and use his powers to accomplish specific purposes. This is the especial aim of this department.

A professional library has been started and is at the command of the teachers; one period each day is devoted to professional reading, under the direction of the teacher.

The morning work is given to class work. The afternoon sessions are given to work in the practice school.

The following is an outline of the work, being done by the class.

- 1st. period A. M. in the Library.
- 2nd. " " " Ethics.
- 3rd. " " " Psychology.
- 4th. " " " Vocal Music.
- 5th. (Mon.) Observation lesson.
(Wed.) Practice lesson.
(Fri.) Construction work.

AFTERNOON SESSIONS

1st. Period, - - - Arithmetic.
The remainder of the afternoon is given to practice in teaching.

OBSERVATION LESSONS, are given once a week by the teacher. The class discusses the underlying principles of Psychology.

PRACTICE LESSONS are given by members of the class giving aim and plan of development applying psychological principles. CRITICISMS by the teacher and members of the class. Friday morning the 1st period is given to the study of pictures, artists, and sculptors, writers and literature suitable for school purposes. The last two periods on Friday morning are given to construction work to especially correlate with the study of arithmetic.

This work is based on the child's natural desire to do, to make something that it may take home or use to illustrate school work, result being the development of accuracy, originality judgment and reasoning.

"BOYS THE OLD FLAG NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND"

This sentence has become famous in American life and is often quoted. That it should be correctly quoted is important. The *Boston Transcript* gives the sentence as follows: "Dey got me, boys, but de old flag neber touched de groun." *Zion's Herald*, in a very beautiful tribute to Sergeant W. H. Carney, author of these words, used the same version, probably taking it from the *Boston Tran-*

ATHLETICS

Untoward events, over which we have had no control, have proved obstacles in the path of the scheduled appearance of our sheet, and our athletic notes may appear a little stale. We think however that a short review of happenings along this line, will not be amiss to our many readers.

The contests along these lines, have not been as many and as varied as one would desire and this has in part arisen from the fact, that we are just a little off the beaten track of travel and just outside the radius of kindred institutions.

The athletic committee has been unceasing in its efforts to establish relations between this institution and other leading race schools.

The prowess of the local teams has been such as to warrant a creditable showing with any other school of the country. At this time the nines and elevens hold the respective championship of the state.

They have defeated all the school teams of the state, and have decisively whipped the vaunted Clippers of Charleston, the nine that held the state championship, and who two years ago, broke even in a series of games with Howard University.

The following account of the game with Charleston may not be without some elements of interest:

The Charleston Athletic Association's football eleven came down the 5th of November to give the Institute eleven a work-out. Quite a large crowd accompanied the visiting team, and did its best to cheer them up in the one-sided contest that developed.

The day could not have been better, and the game began with snap and

script. There is no need of reducing this sentence that has become immortal to the Negro dialect. In the first place we do not believe Sergeant Carney used any such broken English, however much it might be in the opinion of some make the statement more characteristic. Sergeant Carney moved to New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1840, and therefore 23 years of age when he enlisted. He was educated in the schools of New Bedford and it is safe to say, whether he ever attended the schools or not, to have been in the midst of the New England atmosphere and have been brought up there from early childhood he would never have used such English as quoted by the *Boston Transcript* and the *Zion's Herald*. Sergeant Carney probably was not a liberally educated man, but he did possess sufficient education to fill the position of United States mail carrier for 32 years prior to six years ago at which time he became a messenger to Secretary of State of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is on record Mr. Carney's version of the attack on Fort Wagner, and he gives the sentence in the following words: "Boys, the old flag never touched the ground." This is the proper wording and the version in broken Negro dialect is born in the brain of some enterprising editor.

—*Southeastern Christian Advocate*

ginger on each side. Institute won the toss, and decided to defend the south goal. Charleston kicked off, and McGee received the ball on his 25-yard line, and by sprinting, dodging, and squirming through tentative tackling worked his way to the 50-yard line before he was downed. From this point the ball was forced by line bucking, and end-runs to Charleston's 10-yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. Charleston kicked to her 30-yard line, where an Institute back received the ball, and returned it fifteen yards. In two downs the ball was forced over for the first touch down, four and half minutes after play had begun.

The rest of the half was a demonstration of Charleston's inability to hold Institute, or to prevent the facile execution of her bewildering plays.

Straight foot ball was the order, with but two departures from this plan on the part of Institute. The first essay, of a forward pass from McGee to Burton, to Harris, netted twenty yards. The second attempt resulted in a smaller gain.

Three touch-downs were made in the first half, and two in the second for a total of 27.

The bright particular stars of the game were Harris, Waddy, Burton, Green, and Darby. Rarely was the ball given to any of these that did not result in a gain or a touch down.

Charleston is to be congratulated for the clean, gentlemanly game that was put up in the face of defeat. Payne, Webb, and Alexander are to be credited with what little gain was made by the city team.

McGee ran his team with despatch, exercising judgment and coolness. At all times he proved a ground gainer on returning the kickoff.

The locals are to be congratulated on the acquisition of Burton and Darby, left half and full back respectively. Burton learned his rudiments under a Marietta College Coach as a member of an Ohio High School team; and Darby is the product of the Virginia Normal at Petersburg. Credit is due every member of the team, although opportunity for brilliant nerve-thrilling stunts is denied to the good men on the line.

The team needs to develop the kicking side of the game, and hold in mind that making a bee line with the ball to a side line never eats up the space between the ball and the enemy's goal posts.

The Chairman of the Athletic committee has been in correspondence with Zorer, University of Louisville, and other school elevens concerning contests.

The line up was as follows:

INSTITUTE—27	CHARLESTON—0
Harris—Captain	R. E. W. Job
Gregory	R. T. Jefferson
Dixon	R. G. Coleman
Jefferson	C. Wooster
Fields	L. G. Payne—Miller
Taylor	L. T. Smith
Waddy	L. E. Miller—Brown
McGee—Patterson	Q. B. Jones—Payne
Green	R. H. Alexander
Burton	L. H. Liggins
Darby	F. B. Carr

Referee, W. H. Lowry; Umpire, S. H. Guss; Time Keeper, A. G. Brown; Linesmen, L. T. Brown, J. Wade; Time of halves, 25 and 15 minutes.

SOME "DONT'S" FOR LETTER-WRITERS

It is with pleasure that we appropriate the following pertinent article from the pen of David Dale Johnson in the current number of *The West Virginia School Journal*:

Don't omit the heading, even in a friendly letter. Your friends always like to know when and where the letters they get were written.

Don't write the heading all on one line. Write place on the first line and the date on the one below.

Don't use such expressions as "Friend John" or "Friend Mary" in the salutation. Proper forms of salutation are, "My Dear Friend," "Dear John," etc.

Don't be afraid to use the pronoun "I" as the first word in your letter or anywhere else where it seems natural to use it. It is much more egotistical and affected to go out of one's way to avoid the use of the first person than it is to use it naturally as in conversation.

Don't omit parts of your sentences. Expressions like "Your letter received" or "Was glad to hear from you," are no more correct in a letter than they would be anywhere else.

Don't forget that attention to sentence structure and proper paragraphing are just as essential in a good letter as in any other piece of composition.

Don't use strange and unusual abbreviations in a letter. Above all, don't conclude with "Yours, etc.," as if you were in such a hurry to be done that you can not say good bye politely.

Don't begin by saying "I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well and hope that you are enjoying the same great blessing." In fact avoid stilted and unnatural forms of any kind. Try to be natural when you write, and don't pattern after any "complete letter writer."

Don't in concluding your letter, be too full of apologies and excuses about your own shortcomings as a letter writer. Don't make a great fuss about the fact that you are going to stop, but when you have reached the conclusion of what you have to say, bid your correspondent good bye and then—stop.

Don't affect violently-tinted stationery and ink of too gorgeous color. White paper and black ink are always in good taste.

Don't affront your correspondents by mailing your letters in soiled or blotted envelopes addressed in a scrawling illegible handwriting. Most people prefer to receive their letters in as neat and attractive a dress as possible.

Don't get out of the habit of writing letters. The writing is a very valuable practice especially for those who do little work with other forms of literary composition, and the letters serve to keep you in touch with a wider circle of friends.

Don't slight the above friendly warnings and suggestions. "A teacher is known by the letters he writes." Many a good position has been lost because the board didn't like the looks of the applicant's letter.

Deeds, not hours, are the measures of life.

The Institute Monthly

—1909—

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BUSINESS MANAGER, - - - JAMES M. CANTY

OUR ATTENDANCE IS THE LARGEST, for the Fall Term, in the history of the school.

THE INSTITUTE MONTHLY, WISHES to its many friends a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DAWSON HALL, THE GIRLS' NEW building, will be open for the admission of students at the beginning of Winter Term January 4, 1909.

THE WHEELS OF OUR STREAM LAUNDRY machinery will be singing a happy song January 4th. It has been a long weary wait, but it will be the much more enjoyable when it comes.

THE FAILURE OF THE MONTHLY, to make its appearance earlier this year must not be construed as a sign of death; it was only pausing. In the future we hope to make it a more regular visitor.

IF THE SPIRIT MANIFESTED AT BOTH of the Teachers' Associations held last Thanksgiving, is any measure of the educational interest in our state, then the friends of progress may be encouraged. Both of these meetings were well attended but there was room for more at each of them.

Many of our teachers take no interest what ever in the work outside of the narrow bounds of their own school walls. In this way, the shell of satisfaction and non progress grows over them and they fall back into the class of "School-keepers" instead of wide awake "School-teachers."

WE ARE RECEIVING VERY ENCOURAGING news of the work being done by our graduates, throughout the country. Mr. J. A. Booker writes from Mississippi that he is doing well in the government agriculture department. We were fortunate in meeting Mr. Montgomery who founded Mound Bayou City, and he spoke in highest praise of the worth and success of James A. Booker. Such words, from such a source, were indeed sweet to hear. Equally good work is being done in Virginia, by our colony at Lawrenceville. The Monthly has only one charge to make against any of its children, they are with a few noteworthy exceptions, very hard to hear from.

TEACHERS INSTITUTES

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, THERE has not been a Teachers Institute at this school. The reason for discontinuing it, grew out of the poor attendance and the general lack of interest. We

admit, that we can not account for the undoubted preference of our teachers for Institutes, where they are manifestly not wanted.

Books and reading matter passed to other teacher's are niggardly denied our teachers, the are put into a corner and are in many little ways constantly made to feel that they are not at home, yet with all of this, the great majority prefer to attend such Institutes. We are willing to admit, that in some cases on the account of nearness to their homes or expense of attendance, some teachers are excusable for suffering the slights put upon them, but even though at a little inconvenience, it would be better to save less and add pleasure to the profit received at such meetings.

We have room here for a large number of teachers and if we could only be certain of the attendance we could get the very best instructors white and colored to make the annual Institute at this school a worthy event. THE MONTHLY would gladly lend its influence to such an effort, if the teachers in this part of the state could only be made to see the necessity.

We would like to have a line from teachers who may see this issue of our paper, either for private or public consumption.

ECHOES FROM "OUT THE ROAD"

Mr. John Curtis of Detroit Michigan, the brother of Professor A. W. Curtis is visiting his brother and mother.

Miss Inez Tuck, the sister of cadet Campbell Tuck, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Guss during the vacation.

Miss Minnie Carr, of '08, principal of the Eagle schools, was the guest of Miss Mollie Robinson Christmas week.

Mr. Henry Patterson of '08 was a business visitor last week. Mr. Patterson contemplates going into business soon.

Mr. Charles Page of '07 was here the 30th. ult. enroute for his school at Moundsville. Mr. Page is making good.

Mr James Wilkes of Clarksburg was the guest of his cousin commandant W. H. Lowry during the Christmas vacation.

Professor Prillerman and family spent a very pleasant day with Dr. and Mrs. Sinclair at Bancroft, Monday following Christmas.

Mesdames Flavilla Railey, and Goldie Page of Montgomery, and Eva Pack of Beckley were the yule tide guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Brown.

Miss Alice Cabell Curtis the latest addition to the faculty, had a very busy time during the vacation entertaining visitors. She was the recipient of many presents.

Mrs. E. M. Jones of the faculty, and of the local branch of the Women's Improvement League, attended the state session of the Club at Hugheston. She reports a very interesting session.

Miss Amanda Brown and Master Steven spent their vacation here with husband and relations. Mrs. Brown is principal of the schools at Barboursville. She has since reported to her work.

NEW YEAR WATCH PARTY

The annual watch meeting for students remaining here through vacation was observed at the residence of the President and Madame Jones. Instructive games were indulged in up to 11:30. A light collection, was then served, and as the clock chimed the mystic passing of the old, and announced the coming of the new, "What a Happy New Year" was sung, greetings were exchanged, and the students retired to their halls.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES

The meetings of the Sunday Evening Club have not abated in interest and attendance.

The Y. M. C. A. continues to hold its regular meetings. The meeting of December 20th, was interesting and impressive.

The regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting has been placed under the charge of Mr. C. E. Jones, since the resignation of Mr. E. M. Burgess as leader.

The closing exercises of the various societies for the old year were marked by a dash, finish, and class, which amply rewarded the large audiences of student body and visitors.

President Jones has delivered several spirited and instructive sermons, and assisted by members of the faculty has far made of these sessions a source of intellectual profit and moral uplift.

The Athletic Society assisted by members of the faculty, and the Y. W. C. A. made Lindsey Alexander of Charleston, a Christmas present of \$20.00. It will be recalled that Mr. Alexander was injured in a foot ball game on our gridiron.

The Bible Study Class, under the leadership of Mr. E. M. Burgess, is still a medium for wide spread understanding and a general increase of love for scriptures as literature and a source of moral support. Mr. Burgess, who was the delegate to the World's Student Bible Conference held at Columbus, O., October last, is adding new inspiration to the work of the class. A new course of study: "The Life of Jesus" according to St. Mark, by Andrew Murray, will be taken up this month. Plans for procuring a Bible Study Reference Library are also under consideration, and the present general outlook bespeaks a banner year for student bible study.

Young men are becoming more and more interested, and the membership is increasing.

OUR EXCHANGES

The following summary of this week is taken from the "Isis," the undergraduate magazine of Oxford.

SUNDAY.

The Sabbath day is Sun., When work must not be done.

MONDAY.

Mon.'s far too close to Sun. For labor. Rest on Mon.

TUESDAY.

"Midweek work's best," I muse; Not quite midweek is Tues.

WEDNESDAY.

My vital force it deadens Somehow to toil out Wednes.

THURSDAY.

At breakfast time on Thurs. "Let's start on Fri.," one purrs.

FRIDAY.

The day of fasting's Fri. From toil a faster I.

SATURDAY.

Few work, most play on Satur. Myself, I do the latter.

SUNDAY.

Once more we come to Sun., And my week's work is done!

The latest publication to come to our office is "The Echo," of the Garnett High School. It promises to be a sprightly up-to-date school sheet and THE MONTHLY wishes it a pleasant journalistic voyage.

The following are found on our tables. The Parthenon, The School Journal, The Educator, The Owl, The Aurora, The Southern Workman, The Tuskegee Student, The Normal Advocate, The A. and M. College Register, The Informer, The Louisiana Workman, The Waggoner Lantern, The Sentinel, The Courier, Kero, The Polaris, The Pharos.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

By J. G. PATTERSON, '09

At last the great parade is over. The last uniformed knight has marched proudly past the reviewing stand, stepping lightly to the tune of the Washington Post March. It only remains for me to shake hands with the assembled dignitaries and wend my way to my boarding house; there to snatch a few hours sleep, and then take the Midnight Flyer for home.

To introduce myself: I am H. Sanford Williams, President of the Williams Military Academy, and S. G. W. C. of the K's of the L. I had come to Washington two days prior to the opening of my story, to preside at the grand reunion of the Knights, and on the day under discussion, I had stood for hours on the reviewing stand, acknowledging the salutes of the hundreds of marching Knights as they filed gaily past.

All the world seemed knightly. Never since the return of the victorious hosts from the great civil conflict, had Pennsylvania avenue resounded to the tread of such multitudes of marching feet.

But at last it was over. I walked with colleagues until we reached their hotel, when bidding them God-speed, continued my way towards Mother Grant's humble abode.

Ten years ago when entering the city for the first time, I had stopped with her; and the motherly attention that she accorded me then has always outweighed the conveniences of the modern hotel, and so I always call her house home, when in the city.

Walking slowly along, dreaming of the bright future ahead for our order, I was startled by the warning honk of an automobile. Glancing hastily up, I beheld a monster "Red-Devil" bearing down upon me. I jumped, but alas, too late. A bump, a short fight through the air, a heavy jar, then darkness.

Slowly, slowly the mists seemed to unfold, and as though a long way off, I seemed to hear the sound of voices; unintelligible at first but gradually growing plainer, until at last I was able to distinguish between the sound of the voices. Then I realized that there was at least three persons near me; and as my brain grew clearer, I found that I had come back to earth in the midst of a doctor's consultation, and that I was the subject under discussion. A man with a phenomenally deep voice was speaking, and I dwelt anxiously on his every word. "Gentlemen," he said, "never in my long experience as a surgeon have I met with a case like the one under consideration. One week ago yesterday this patient was brought in the ambulance, having been struck by an automobile; miraculously no bones were broken; but since his coming he has lain as you see him; not a muscle has he moved, his breathing is so low as to be almost imperceptible, but his pulse varies from 150 to 79 beats to the minute. And now comes the part that is stranger still: his skin has grown hard and callous all over his body, and this morning a crack appeared from his waist straight up his back to the top of his head, and the crack is slowly growing larger, and beneath it, as you may see from the back of his neck, there appears the beautiful black hair and dark skin of a brunette, and as you see his old face is florid and his hair fiery red.

It seems a fair case of the leopard changing his spots; but I would like to have your opinion on his peculiar malady, gentlemen, for I acknowledge that

I am completely nonplussed."

Then followed along and learned discussion; but I paid but little heed to their words, for I was pondering over my strange condition. I felt no pain; I seemed to have full control of my thinking faculties; but I found that I could neither speak, open my eyes, nor move any part of my body. I was dead yet wondrously alive. I wondered if my wife knew of my condition, how my school was progressing, whether the world knew of my accident. And then the thought drove itself upon me that I was unknown; my uniform had not arrived in time for me to wear at the review, and in the pockets of the rented suit that I wore there was nothing that would serve to identify me. My wife would have hastened to my side had she known. I was alone and unknown, but on account of my injury, I was being treated as a patient as never treated before.

Then followed days and nights of agony. Agonizing because I was unable to speak or move; food put into my mouth seemed to slip mechanically down my throat. From the talk of the doctors and nurses, I learned that the split in my skin was slowly growing wider. I learned also that they had come to the conclusion that I was going to shed my skin, and as the cracks had appeared on my arms and legs, all extending to the tips of my fingers and toes, they had decided to let my malady run its course.

Although blind, dumb, and insensible to feeling, I could listen to the talk of those around me and be almost as well informed as though I had all of my faculties. I could tell of the passing of time by the changes of my nurses, two being with me at all times in the day, and two others during the night.

During the long days that I lay thus I formulated my plan of action should I ever recover. I decided to veil my identity until I received my discharge from the hospital, then I would lie me straight home that my wife should be the first to know of my strange change, for I knew that I was greatly changed. I learned that the old skin had almost separated itself from my new body, and that I now had the figure of an athlete, that my hair was coal black, and that my eyes were as black as midnight.

On the morning of my twenty-third day in the hospital, I awoke with a sharp pain straight down the front part of my body extending even to the tips of my fingers and toes; the first touch of pain I had suffered since the accident. I heard the subdued buzz of many voices and knew that the room was filled with people. A gladsome feeling of freedom prevailed me, and I decided to put it to the test, I turned over on my side. Oh joy of joys! I had regained the sense of touch and the powers of motion. Putting my powers to the further test, I quickly opened my eyes, and in throaty, guttural words my long unused tongue asked the entirely unnecessary question "What is the matter?" My question was greeted with the most joyful demonstration that had ever echoed along those sepulchral walls; white capped nurses shed tears of joy; old doctors embraced each other, the joy of childhood lighting their hoary faces; and the younger doctored and danced like maniacs. It was the rejoicing over him who had rested long in the shade of the dark valley, and had returned unscathed by the sickle of the "Grim Reaper."

Finally quiet was restored by the physician in charge; then I was plied with questions from all sides, all of which I answered except those which conflicted with my prearranged plan; to those I merely shook my head and pretended to think mightily.

I remained at the hospital recuperating for ten days more. Days in which new joys were constantly unfolding before my sight.

I never tired of looking at my reflection

in the mirror; for it was a face such as an artist would have given his life to paint. Beautiful to the smallest degree; classical forehead, clear cut chin, Grecian nose, skin as soft as the finest velvet, and the mouth—O such a mouth, thin lips, the upper one bending into a perfect cupid's bow, the lower raising to meet it like a love stabbed lad sallying forth to meet his hearts desire; eyes rivaling the night in their blackness, looking forth through long silky lashes, as Juliet looked through the clambering vines of her fairy-like bower.

I had never been a linguist in the strictest sense of the word having a command of only two foreign languages and one dead language. I imagine my surprise then, when one morning my nurse—a maid only five years from Athens—chancing to address her companion in Greek, a language that I had never studied, I found that I understood her perfectly, and when I spoke to her, the purest Greek flowed from my lips.

Many talents that I had never before known, I found had come to me with my new skin. I found myself drawing fanciful pictures upon the wall, and when crayons were brought to me I witnessed the realization of my dream in blending lines of black lead. But this was not all; shortly before my discharge, I chanced to wander into the reception room, and, being a fair performer on the piano, I sat down to it and allowed my fingers to wander idly over the keys, suddenly like fair Cecelia I seemed to be transported into another sphere, a feeling of strange joy seemed to seize me and I played. Becoming suddenly aware of the feeling that I was not alone, I turned to find the whole hospital corps standing awestruck by the matchless beauty of my music dream. I was a musician; such a musician as the world had dreamed of, yet had never seen.

Three days after this I was discharged. Quickly I sped for the station and was soon speeding for home as fast as modern invention could bear me. I was going home, Oh what joyous memories that word conjured up. I was going back to the pleasant little village where I was remembered as a barefoot boy; back where lay my chosen work; back to receive the loving embrace of her who had mourned her husband as dead. Home. Oh how slow crawled the swift flyer; her mile a minute seemed but a snail's pace. But to all journeys there must be an end. So we finally drew into the modest little station at Williamsburgh. I was, first upon the platform, and seeing our old hack driver, John Edwards standing near the dead line, I threw my grip at him yelling "Bring it up John, I'll walk on ahead." I had utterly forgotten my changed appearance, but I was quickly recalled to it by John's "Yes sir, but where shall I take it sir?" Remembrance drove itself upon me, and I quickly answered "The Academy."

Was it possible that my lifelong friends did not recognize me? ninnies, love would penetrate the mask, my wife would surely recognize me.

Hurrying on I turned in at the main gate of my Academy, and again looked upon my home. The clock in the tower of Science Hall boomed forth the hour of eight; from the Armory rang out the rollicking peals of the drill call. But little did I heed these as I sped across the campus to my own house. Letting myself in with my pass key, I stepped into the hall softly called, "Mater! I have come!" "Mater" is my pet name for my wife Pauline, born with our eldest son.

Recognizing the voice—the only thing unchanged about me—she came flying down the steps her face beaming love and joy, a heavenly vision in her simple morning gown of purest white. But suddenly catching sight of my face, all the joyous expectations fled from her face leaving her as pale as a ghost, and

she seemed about to swoon from the force of her overmastering disappointment.

Quickly I sprang to her crying, "Speak to me little Mater, speak and bid me welcome home, tell me that now indeed is the sunshine after the rain." She looked at me long and searchingly as though trying to connect the familiar voice with the strange face; and then all my hopes fell as topple over the air castles of youth, for with a frightened expression on her face she painfully gasped out, "Who are you sir?"

O God the agony of that moment will be with me till my dying day. Changed indeed was I; so changed that my lifelong companion, my twin self failed to recognize in me her loving husband. Falling upon my knees I begged her to look closely and try if she could not find something that would tell her that I was her husband, but try as she might she could not find in me any resemblance to the one whom she had known and loved.

(To be Continued in February Number.)

It is an easy matter to criticize; it is a difficult matter to construct, and help carry out plans for good.

AND HE STRAIGHTENED HIS TIE

'Twas a habit he had, he had formed it in youth

Just the same as the habit of telling the truth Or the habit of eating or rubbing his ear, Or any thing else that some of us think queer. In our game we must wait till the fidget he made.

Till he straightened his tie—and played.

He would straighten his tie, all unconscious—ly—yes, But it got on one's nerves, as you'll easily guess, He would grab it and yank it until it was straight Though enroute to a train and a few minutes late. In his duties he never was careless, or shirked. But he straightened his tie—and worked

As a citizen he was a model, indeed; Of his work for uplifting the masses you'd read, And his speeches were fine and convincing and wise— But his nearers would watch him with fidgety eyes While he gave his cravat a swift paw and a poke, As he straightened his tie—and spoke.

When he went forth a-wooing, each smile and each sigh

Was deftly dividid 'twixt damsel and tie, But his courtship was fervid and winning, and so

The sequel is one you may very well know, For one evening right plump on his two knees he dropped! And he straightened his tie—and popped.

But at last he fell ill and was going to die— And a person bed, you know, don't wear a tie.

He was worried, we saw, till we guessed what was wrong. Then he brought him a tie that was narrow and long And we put it upon him, all carefully tied— And he straightened his tie—and died.

MOUND DAY

Mound Day was observed at the West Virginia Colored Institute, Thursday Nov. 5th. The exercises began at 1:30 p. m. according to the program issued by State Superintendent Miller.

President J. McHenry Jones presided. After music by the school, prayer was offered, and a "Historical Sketch of the Mound" was read by Miss Nannie Cobbs of Keystone, W. Va. Miss Aileen Harper of Tip Top, Va. read a description of the Mound.

President Jones then introduced Prof. S. Hamlin Guss, Principal of the Normal school, who made an instructive address. He portrayed the history of mounds and mound builders, in this and other lands, in a graphic manner which showed much valuable research.

The contribution was made by classes and amounted to \$12. The Junior Class took the banner.

AROUND THE INSTITUTE

Miss B. V. Morris spent her vacation with her mother at Homestead, Pa.

Mr. C. Mitchell returned Tuesday the 5th. inst from Washington and other points.

Lloyd Cox certainly knows the significance of "Some days must be dark and dreary."

Miss Bessie Viola Morris, our teacher in cooking, has been placed in charge of the girls in the new Building.

Boys it is no use to waste your smiles on the lady from Morgantown. It is all over but the counting.

Captain Brown ought to know that one Military cape was never designed to go around two sets of shoulders.

Mary, Mayre, or Marion F. Gordon bears testimony to the statement that the course of true love never runs smoothly.

Coles and Johnson are the latest members of the Institute Cavalry. Prof. C. E. Jones is the present owner of their steeds.

The Xmas play of the Y. W. C. A., was a decided success in its entertaining and money making features. About \$40.00 was netted.

The casualties from the late term examination were not many but rather distressing. Several have accepted vacancies in lower classes.

Messrs J. M. Hazlewood, Principal R. P. Simms of Bluefield Institute, and State Librarian Gilmer were pleasant callers just before Christmas.

At the November meeting of the Board of Regents, the boys presented a petition praying for a regular Athletic field. The matter is under consideration.

The Steam Laundry opens for work this week, and, as it is under management of a qualified teacher—Mrs. Maude Jackson—it will fill a much needed want.

Mr. George W. Eldridge of '08', now principal of the schools of West Point Va. was a pleasant caller on friends and intimates. Mr. Eldridge left New Year's eve for his field of labor.

The Musical and Dramatic evening spent with the Athletic Choral and Dramatic Club in November, will be long remembered as one of pleasure. The proceeds were for the Athletic Fund.

Dr. Whipper, our efficient physician is very busy with the measles, tonsillitis, and numerous imaginable maladies. She is rapidly reducing the first two, and allowing the last to run their courses.

The present enrollment for the winter term is 225. About all the old students have returned. Among the new enrollments are Lafayette Campbell, Union W. Va., Thomas Taylor, Turkey Knob, Hugh McNorton, Glen Joan, Charles Vaughan, Nabscoot, John Lockett, Nutall.

The congestion in North Hall has been partially relieved by the moving of the girls of the Senior Class to the new apartments in the Domestic Science and Arts Building. Up to this time, great satisfaction over the new quarters has been expressed. A few girls complain of the remoteness of the building.

While Caterer Fields was busy dispensing his wares to the hungry hordes in the boys dormitory, some miscreants made a forward pass with a box containing a ham and other things. It was sitting in a window, and was skillfully caught by his confederate on the outside. Plans for a burglar-proof cupboard will be thankfully and tearfully received by Fields.

Lincoln Day February 12, 1909

Will be duly observed.
A splendid program has been prepared, and Supt. ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE of Washington City, has been asked to be the orator for the occasion. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

OUR STEAM LAUNDRY

The new steam laundry was opened for work, the 11th inst. It is under the management of Mrs. Maude Jackson, who is competent, in every particular to manage an up-to-date laundry.

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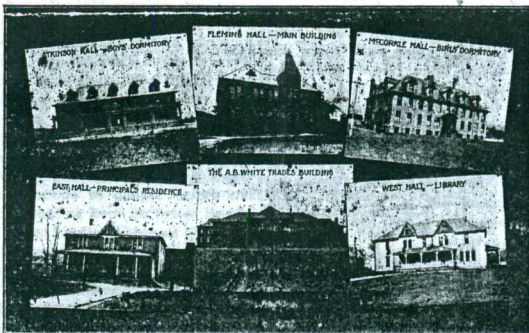
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